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FINEST OF THE WHEAT

MALE CHORUS

JUL 26 1965

MEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

EDITED BY

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WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



R. R. McCABE & CO., Publishers

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

PREFACE.

IN obedience to a popular demand for an arrangement for Male Voices of the many choice pieces of music found in Finest of the Wheat Nos. 1 and 2, the editors have carefully compiled and now present to our Gospel Choirs and Male Quartettes, Finest of the Wheat Male Chorus. We believe it will be greatly appreciated and will quickly find its mission in the beautiful service of Gospel Song.

THE EDITORS

FINEST OF THE WHEAT MALE CHORUS



W. J. K. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. 1. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, is all things to me, Oh, what a won-der-ful 2. Je - sus in sickness, and Je - sus in health, Je - sus in pov - er - ty. 3. He is my Refuge, my Rock, and my Tower, He is my For-tress, my 4. He is my Prophet, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of Life, 5. Je-sus in sor-row, in joy, or in pain, Je-sus my treas-ure in is He: Guid-ing, pro-tect-ing, o'er life's roll-ing Say - ior sea. com-fort or wealth; Sun-shine or tem-pest, what ev-er it Strength and my Power; Life ev-er-last-ing, my Day'sman is Fountain and Spring; Bright Sun of Righteousness, Day-star is He, He, in gain; Con-stant Com-pan -ion, wher-e'er I may CHORUS. Might - v De - liv - 'rer-Je - sus for me. is my Safe - ty:-Je-sus for me. Bless - ed Re-deem-er-Je-sus for me. Je - sus for me. Sal - va - tion-Je-sus for Horn of me. dy - ing-Je-sus for Rit. Je - sus for me, All the time, ev - 'rv-where, Je - sus for

No. 3. The Lord is My Shepherd.





No. 5. Send Afar the Gospel Tidings.





Speed Away! Speed Away! No. 7. Rev. C. COOKE. I, B. WOODBURY. Arr. by W. J. K. 0 ye her-alds of light, There are Speed a - way! speed a - way! of Je - ho - vah draw near; Come with 2. Let the church to the help 3. Speed a - way! speed a - way with the message from heav'n; To all mill - ions en-shroud-ed in na-ture's dark night Who are will-ing to love and with faith, and with fer-vor in pray'r; Let her fling to na-tions of men let the ti-dings be giv'n, That Mes-si-ah the has hear and the truth to re - ceive, But know of no Say - ior of truth, And en - list in breeze the pure ban-ner the strug-gle E - den triumphed; His foes are all slain, And the earth as an





10



Jesus Leads.





No. 11.

The Savior With Me.



walk-ing in the light,

Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney.

No. 13.

Whisperings of Jesus.

D. K. W.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



- Not a sound invades the still-ness, Not a form invades the scene,
 And with-in those heav'nly pla-ees, Calmly hushed in sweet re-pose,
 Wrapt in deep, a dor-ing si-lence, Je sus, Lord, I dare not move,
 Rest, then, O my soul, con-tent-ed, Thou hast reached thy happy place,





Save the voice of my Be-lov-ed, And the per - son of my King. There I drink, with joy ab-sorb-ing, All the love Thou wouldst disclose. Lest I lose the smallest say-ing Meant to catch the ear of love. the bos - om of thy Sav-ior, Gaz-ing up in His dear face.





s, gen - tle, ho-ly Je-sus! Blessed Bridegroom of my heart, Precious,gentle,ho-ly Je-sus! Blessed Bridegroom of my hear Precious, gen -Blessed Bridegroom of my heart,





cret in - ner chamber Thou wilt whis - per what Thou art. In Thy secret in - ner chamber Thou wilt whisper what Thou art.



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No Shelter but in Christ. No. 15. JAMES L. SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY. 1. There is earth, in heav'n a - bove, no shel - ter for the soul. On 2. There is 3. There is no shel - ter from the night, So cold, and dark, and drear no shel - ter from the storm That frowns a-bove our head, cold, and dark, and drear, 4. There is no ref - uge but in Christ, Though we the world should gain; in Christ the Lord, No ref - uge but His love. But in the Lord, our righteousness, But in the Lamb of Cal - va - ry Whose kind - ly aid is near. Whose blood for all was shed. The soul without His grace is lost, All oth - er hope is vain. (oh, to the ark where the wea - rv dove Came A tempo. to the place of rest; Oh, fly to the arms. Oh, fly to the arms, ior who shel - ter - ing arms Sav loves thee best. Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney.



My Mother's Bible-Concluded.



- 3 To the gospel invitation
 Close thy heart no more;
 To receive a full salvation
 Open wide the door.
 - Copyright, 1892, by Jno. R. Sweney.
- 4 To the joy that fadeth never Close thy heart no more; To the peace abiding ever Open wide the dogs



The City Beyond-Concluded. ti - ful cit be - youd, We will sing the new song beau-ti-ful cit-y, the beautiful cit-y beyond, beyond, Ad lib. Of the an - gel-ic throng In the beau-ti-ful cit - v be - vond. . the cit-y be-yond. No. Not Despairingly. No. 19. Andante. JNO. R. SWENEY. No. not de-spairing-ly Come I to Thee; No, not distrust ing-ly Lord, I con-fess to Thee Sad - ly my sin! Now, tell I all to Thee, 3. Faithful and just art Thou, for - giv-ing all, Lov - ing and kind art Thou, Melody in 1st Bass. Bend the knee: Sin hath gone o - ver me, this is Purge Thou my sin a - way, Wash Thou my have been; When sor-rows call; Lord, let the cleansing blood, Let the dear plea: Je - sus hath died for me, Je - sus hath died. soul this day, Take Thou my sin a-way; Lord, make me clean, heal-ing flood, Blood of the Lamb of God, Pass o'er my soul. Copyright, 1874, by Jno R. Sweney. $2\dot{1}$



Beautiful Land.



Beautiful Land-Concluded.



No. 22. Tho' Your Sins be as Scarlet.





No. 24. It was Spoken for the Master.





A Song in My Heart.



A Song in My Heart-Concluded.





Bless the Lord, My Soul-Concluded.





God Bless My Boy .- Concluded.





Victory through Grace-Concluded.

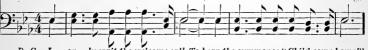


I Know that My Redeemer Lives. No. 33.

Rev. H. A. MERRILL, alt.



- I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And has prepared a place for me,
 I'm trusting Je-sus Christ for all, I know His blood now speaks for me,
 I'm now en-raptured at the tho't, I stand and wonder at His love,
- 4. I know that Je-sus soon will come, I know the time will not be long,



on - ly wait the welcome call, To hear the summons: "Child, come home!"



I'm list'ning for the welcome call, To say "The Master waiteth Thee!" That He from heav'n to earth was brought To die, that I may live a-bove. I shall reach my heav'nly home To sing with joy the heav'nly song.



on - ly wait the wel-come call, To hear the summons: "Child, come home!"



No. 34. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

HORATIUS BONAR.

WM. G. FISCHER.



No. 35.

Twilight.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WM. F. SHERWIN. Melody in 2d Tenor. Day is dy-ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest;
 Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u-ni-verse, Thy home;
 While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold-ing all, 4. When for-ev - er from our sight, Pass the stars-the day-the night. Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her ev'ning lamps a-light Thro' Gath - er us, who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e-ter - nal morn-ing rise, And CHORUS. all the skv. Thou art nigh. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and hearts as - cend. shad-ows end. earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!

Remembered Blessings. No. 36. Words and Melody by GEO, L. BROWN. Arr. by WM, J. KIRKPATRICK. Melody in 2d Tenor. 1. I sang, one day a sad sweet song, 'Twas at the twi-light hour; 2. So filled was I, I sang no more, My heart o'erflowed with bliss; 3. Thus, of tmy Sav-ior comes to me, When all is lone and still; 4. I praise the Lord the fire still burns With Pen-te-cos-tal flame; A flame of love came gen-tly down- I felt its With tear-ful eye and throb-bing breast I knelt in Each bless-ing makes me long the more To do His The al-tar of my soul's a-glow, All glo-ry melt-ing power. its thank-ful-ness. ho - ly will. His name. to CHORUS. the bless-ing and the pow-er that the Lord gave me then, I nev - er shall for-get. I nev-er shall for-get; a-gain and a - gain, Copyright, 1893, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

No. 37. Where is my Soul To-night.

MARTHA J. LANKTON. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. 1. Oft have I heard a voice that said, In tones that were soft and low, 2. Oft have I heard a warn-ing voice That urged me to fly from sin; 3. Oft have I heard a ten -der voice, When troubled and care-oppressed, 4. Oft have I heard a grieved, sad voice, En-treat-ing me o'er and o'er; "Thy Sav-ior has loved and loves thee yet, Then why wilt thou slight Him so?" o - pen the door I long have closed And welcome the Savior in. And then like a wea - ry child I sighed In Je-sus to find a I re-fuse to hear it now, Perhaps it will come no more. And if CHORUS. But where is my soul, where is my soul, Where is my soul to - night? 4th v. O Sav - ior I yield, Say-ior, I yield, Take Thou my soul to - night; Addib. That voice pleads on, pleads patiently on, But where is my soul to - night? I now believe, and glad - ly re-ceive Thy message of grace to - night.







Beautiful Robes-Concluded.



- 4 When the shadows fall, And the vesper call
- Is sobbing its low refrain,
 'Tis a garland sweet
 To the toil dent feet,
 And an antidote for pain.
- 5 Soon the year's dark door Shall be shut no more:
- Life's tears shall be wiped away, As the pearl gates swing, And the gold harps ring, And the sun unsheathe for ave.

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No. 42. Angels Above are Singing.







He's Mighty to Save.

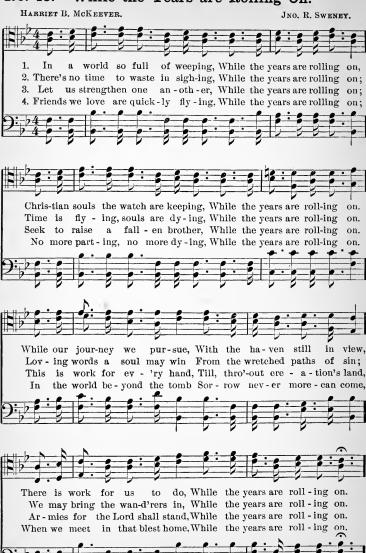






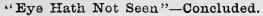


No. 48. While the Years are Rolling On.











Come, While the Savior Calls. No. 51.



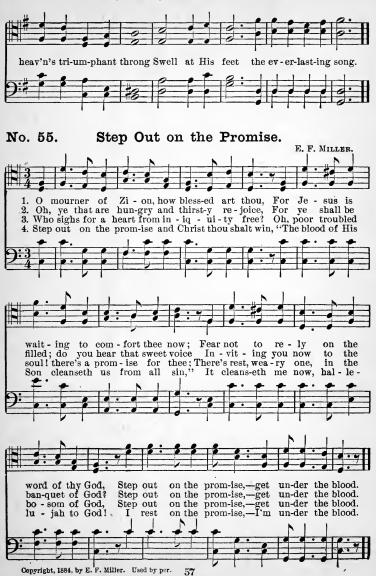
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Come, O My Soul-Concluded.









Sing On-Concluded.





No. 61. I Could Not Do Without Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL SIGISMUND THALBERG. Arr. Andante. 1. I could not do with-out Thee, O Sav-ior of the lost. 2. I could not do with-out Thee, I can-not stand a - lone; 3. I could not do with-out Thee, For years are fleet-ing Whose pre-cious blood re-deemed me At such tre-men-dous eost; I have no strength or good-ness, No wis - dom of my own; sol - emn si - lence The riv - er must be passed: Thy right - eous-ness, Thy par - don, Thy sac - ri - fice, must be But Thou, be - lov - ed Sav - ior, Art all in all me, But Thou wilt nev - er leave me, And, tho' the waves run high, Ritard. on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and plea. And weak-ness will be pow - er, If lean-ing hard on Thee. know Thou wilt be near me, And whis-per, "It I."

Behold, the Bridegroom Comes! J. M. W. J. M. WHYTE. We shall hear voice, an im - mor - tal "Be-hold, a voice. the When the voice shall cry, "Go the ve forth to - night, Be-hold, 3. Broth-er, trim your lamp, have it burn - ing bright, "Be-hold, the. "Be-hold, vow? hast-en 4. Hast thou made a ye to pay, the Bridegroom comes!" At the mid - night watch, in the dark - ness deep, Bridegroom comes!" Then the pulse will cease, and the heart grow still, Bridegroom comes!" He will sure - ly come, tho' He seem - eth Bridegroom comes!" For when He has come, and hath closed the door, When creep, a - cross our souls heav slum - bers We shall And will close, and the chill, blood grow \mathbf{And} the Be at peace with Him, nor a mo - ment wait, You will And ye stand and pray, "O - pen, we im - plore," Ιt will hear that voice, that im - mor-tal voice, "Be - hold, the Bridegroom comes!" soul will take its e - ter - nal flight, "For lo," the Bridegroom comes!" hear the cry ere the morning light, "Be-hold, the Bridegroom comes!" too late,—pay thy vows to-day, "Be-hold, be the Bridegroom comes!" Oh, be read-y when the Bridegroom comes! Oh, read - y when the be Copyright, 1890, by R. R. McCabe & Co. 64





No. 65. In the Shadow of Thy Wing.





The Two Paths-Concluded.





Onward and Upward-Concluded.



No. 70.

Brought Back.



No. 71.

Help Your Brother.



No. 72.

One Thing I Know.

E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Melody in 2d Tenor. 1. One thing I know; ...on, bless His name!... To me the Lord..... of mercy
2. One thing I know; ... He heard my cries, ... With mighty pow'r He touched my
3. One thing I know; ... He died for me, In Him my hope, ... my trust shall
4. One thing I know; ... the Savior's mine, ... Oh, boundless grace, ... oh, joy di-5. One thing I know; oh, help me sing.... Such happy praise... to Christ, our 1. One thing I know. oh, bless His name. To me the Lord He filled my heart, with love's bright flame, ... eyes, To see the light that nev-er dies, be, My Sav-ior lives e - ter-nal - ly, This I This I vine!.... And heav'nly beams ... a-round me shine, King, While smiling faith. ... and love up-spring, This 1 This 1 He filled my heart with love's bright flame. of merev came. CHORUS. I know, I know..... He loved me I know, I know know,.... this Ι know. This I know. He saved my soul..... from sin and woe,Now peace and so, He saved my soul from sin and woe, He loved me so. 1893, by Wm. J Kirkpatrick. 74

One Thing I Know—Concluded.



No. 74. My Jesus, I Love Thee.



Oh, for a Vision of Jesus! No. 75. L. H. EDMUNDS. JNO. R. SWENEY. Oh, for vi - sion of Je - sus! Oh, for a glimpse of His face, Je - sus! Seen in the won-der - ful Book! 2. Oh, for vi - sion of Je - sus! When roll the bil-lows of grief! 3. Oh, for vi - sion of a 4. Oh. for vi - sion of Je - sus! When near the cold Jor-dan-tide! Сно.-Oh, for а vi - sion of Je - sus! Oh. for a glimpse of His face! FINE. Beam - ing with heav-en - ly grace! Ra-diant with heav-en - ly glo - ry, In those dear pa - ges I look., a clear, shin-ing mir-ror, O - ver the wa-ters of sor - row, Sav - ior, Thy smile brings re-lief. Mak-ing a path-way of glo - ry, E'en to the bright "other side." Ra-diant with hear-en - ly glo - ry, Beam - ing with hear - en - ly grace! Not here to mor-tals 'tis giv - en, Veil-less His beau-ty 'to see, There, Lamb of God, is Thy like-ness, There glows Thy im-age di - vine; One look—the tempest is pass - ing; One word—the waves are at rest; There in in - ef - fa - ble splen-dor, Man - i - fest, Lord, to our gaze, D. C. Chorus. in the soul's con-tem-pla - tion, Show Thy-self, Sav-ior, to

So let me gaze till Thy Spir - it. Lord, is re-flect - ed in mine. Sweet peace beyond un-der-stand-ing, Je - sus is there "man-i - fest." More than the an-gels, we'll love Thee, More than the ser - a-phim, praise.



Immanuel's Land.

Mrs. Annie Ross Cousin. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. sink - ing, The dawn of heav-en breaks; 1. The sands of time are The The deep, sweet well of love! 2. O Christ, He is the foun-tain, The deep, sweet well of love! The 3. I've wrest-led on t'ward heav - en, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide, Now 4. Deep waters crossed life's pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp; Now summer morn I've sighed for-The fair, sweet morn awakes. Dark, dark hath been the streams on earth I've tasted, More deep I'll drink above: There to an o-cean a wea-ry trav-'ler That lean-eth on His guide, A-mid the shades of these lie all be-hind me-Oh, for a well tuned harp! Oh, to join the hallemid-night, But day-spring is at hand, And glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth full-ness, His mer-cy doth ex-pand, And glo-ry, glo-ry dwell-eth ev-'ning, While sinks life's ling'ring sand, I hail the glo-ry dawn-ing lu-jah With yon triumphant band, Who sing where glo-ry dwell-eth, In Immanuel's land. In Immanuel's land, And glo-ry, glo-ry dwelleth In Immanuel's land, And glo-ry, glo-ry dwelleth In Immanuel's land. From Immanuel's land, I hail the glo-ry dawning From Immanuel's land.
In Immanuel's land, Who sing where glory dwelleth, In Immanuel's land. Copyright, 1891, by Wm. J. Ktrkpatrick.





Home of the Soul-Concluded.







No. 82. Jesus, Keep Me Near Thee.

WM. H. HORNER. JNO. R. SWENEY. Melody in 2d Tenor. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, nev-er let me stray, Keep me, precious
 Je - sus, keep me near Thee, when temptations come, May I nev - er 3. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, when the clouds a - rise, And when storms of 4. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, in life's ey - 'ry care, May Thy bless-ed 5. Je - sus, keep me near Thee, ev - er con-stant Friend, All thro' life's long Say-ior, faithful ev-'ry day; Oh, be Thou my Leader all thro' life's long way, And wander back in sin to roam, But be faithful ever, when a broad or home, And tri - al darken earthly skies, May Thy heavenly sunshine gladden then my eyes, And Presence cheer me ev rywhere, And may blessed comfort come thro' faith and prayer, To journey till I see its end, Cheer me then in death, and shining angels send, To CHORUS. Je Thee. take me home to heav'n at last. sus, keep me near safe arrive at heav'n at last. guide me safe to heav'n at last. fit my soul for heav'n at last. take me home to heav'n at last. Jesus, keep me near Thee, Jesus, keep me near Thee, Lead me in the bless-ed nar - row way; the bless-ed nar-row way; Je-sus, keep me in Copyright, 1891, by Jno. R. Sweney.



No. 84. Onward, Christian Soldiers.



No. 85. Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.



Thy Dearest Friend.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWEWRY.



Thy Dearest Friend-Concluded.



No. 88. His Child Forevermore.



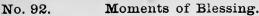




Let Us Hear You Tell It-Concluded.









No. 93. Calvary, Dear Calvary!

(Tune on opposite page.)

1 When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glory died, My richest gain I count but loss,

And pour contempt on all my pride.

Сно.-О Calvary! dear Calvary!

Copyright, 1888, by Jno. R. Sweney.

My longing heart is turned to Thee; O Calvary! dear Calvary! Speak to my heart from Calvary.

2 On Calvary's brow my Savior died; 'Twas there my Lord was crucified;

- 'Twas on the cross He bled for me,
 And purchased there my pardon free.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
- Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown.
- 4 O Jesus, Lord, how can it be [me; That Thou shouldst give Thy life for To bear the cross and agony,

In that dread hour on Calvary!

No. 94. The Winds were Hushed. E. E. HEWITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICE. Oh, the winds were hushed, and the night grew fair, When the Master's voice So the heart is hushed in the storm of grief, When the Master's word There's a song of joy when that voice is heard, And new fait's upsprings brought a bless-ing there: The dark-roll-ing sea owned Hissov'reign will, brings its sweetre-lief; Oh, trust, wea-ry soul, in His ho - ly will at His bless-ed word; Sing on, hap-py heart, and His praise ful-fill, in Hisho - ly will, For the might-y King uttered, "peace, be still," For the might-y King For the King of Love whispers, "peace, be still," For the King of Love For the King of Love whispers, "peace, be still," For the King of Love CHORUS. ut-tered, "peace, be still." still." whispers, "peace, be Peace-ful-ly, peace-ful-ly, peacefully rest. whispers, "peace, be "Child of the King," on His gen - tle oreast; Peace-ful-ly, peace-ful-ly,

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No. 96. Write a Letter to Your Mother.



*Robert N. West is a life prisoner in Waupun, Wis., State Penitentiary. He has been for many years the leader of the choir in that institution, and has also been for everal years an earnest Christian worker among the prisoners.

Copyright, 1896, by Mrs. Geo. D. Elderkin.





That Beautiful Land-Concluded.



What Will it Matter. No. 99.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Melody in 2d Tenor.

- What will it matter, by and by, What will it matter, by and by, Whether my
- What will it matter, by and by, What will it matter, by and by, Whether my What will it matter, by and by, What will it matter, by and by, Whether the What will it matter, by and by, What will it matter, by and by, Whether I





crosses were heav-y or light. Whether my pathway was cloudy or bright, tri-als were ma-ny or few. Whether the world was unfaithful or true, wa-ters were bit-ter or sweet. Murmuring gently or sad at my feet. pass with the morning away. Whether at noontide or clos - ing of day.





When I shall walk with the ransomed in white, Safe in that beautiful land? When my Redeemer in glo-ry I view, Home in that beautiful land? When the departed with rapture, I meet, Home in that beautiful land? E-den I stray, Home in that beautiful land? When in the val-lev of





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